
In Recital

ELIZABETH MacINTOSH, soprano

and

PETER JANCEWICZ, piano

Sunday, February 16, 1992 at 3:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

PROGRAM

Exsultate, Jubilate, K.V. 165

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

The Great Spirit
(A North American Indian Legend)
Song for Fine Weather
Love song (Haida Indian Poems)

Violet Archer
(b.1913)
Jean Coulthard
(b.1908)

Cycle of Three Love Songs
(From *The Ill Tempered Lover* by L A McKay)
1. Stand Swaying, Slightly
2. I Often Wonder
3. There is no Darkness

Jean Coulthard

Five Lyrics of the T'ang Dynasty
1. Staircase of Jade
2. Limpid River
3. The Inlaid Harp
4. On a Rainy Night
5. Parting at a Wine Shop

John Beckwith
(b. 1927)

INTERMISSION

Shéhérazade

Asie

La Flûte enchantée

L'Indifférent

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Quatro Madrigales Amatorios

Con qué la lavaré?

Vos me matasteis

De dónde venis, amore?

De los álamos vengo, madre

Joaquin Rodrigo
(b. 1910)

Texts and Translations

Exultate, jubilate - Exult, rejoice
Exult, rejoice,
O happy souls.
And with sweet music
Let the heavens resound,
Making answer, with me, to your song.

The lovely day glows bright,
Now clouds and storms have fled,
And a sudden calm has arisen for the just.
Everywhere dark night held sway before.
But now, at last, rise up and rejoice,
Ye who are not feared,
And happy in the blessed dawn
With full hand make offering of garlands
and lilies.

And Thou, O Crown of Virgins,
Grant us peace,
And assuage the passions
That touch our hearts.
Alleluia.

The Great Spirit
(Inge Israel)
In the still
the pregnant still
of early spring
a wanderer can hear
the Great Spirit sing
and feel his breath
revive the world
till every leaf has been unfurled
and little insects get their due
and happy birds a bird's eye view
of summer bounty.

When all have had their fill
the Great Spirit's will is done
and before his timely flight
he will signal his delight
in glorious red and gold.

No sooner has he turned to leave
than Thunder Spirit's arrows
boldly cleave the sky
and his roar wakes Winter Spirit
who emerges from his lair
and clubs the forests till they're bare.

Then snow elves with their tiny wings
silence anyone who sings
and dance
to lull the earth into white trance

Five Songs of T'ang Dynasty (Beckwith)

1. The Staircase of Jade (Li Po)

Her jade-white staircase is cold with dew;
Her silk soles are wet, she lingered there so
long...

Behind her closed casement, why is she still
waiting,

Watching through its crystal pane the glow
of the autumn moon?

2. The Limpid River (Wang Wei)

The limpid river, past its bushes
Running slowly as my chariot
Becomes a fellow voyager
Returning home with the evening birds.
A ruined city-wall overtops an old ferry,
Autumn sunset floods the peaks.
....Far away, beside Mount Sung
I shall close my door and be at peace.

3. The Inlaid Harp (Li Shang-Yin)

I wonder why my inlaid harp has fifty
strings.

Each with its flower-like fret an interval of
youth.

...The sage Chuang-tzu is day-dreaming,
bewitched by butterflies,

The spring-heart of Emperor Wang is crying
in a cuckoo,

Mermen weep their pearly tears down a
moon-green sea,

Blue fields are breathing their jade to sun...

And a moment that ought to have lasted for
ever

Has come and gone before I knew.

Texts and Translations (continued)

4. On a Rainy Night (Li Shang-Yin)

You ask me when I am coming. I do not
know.

I dream of your mountains and autumn pools
brimming all night with the
rain.

Oh, when shall we be trimming wicks again,
together in your western
window?

When shall I be hearing your voice again,
all night in the rain?

5. Parting at a Wine-Shop (Li Po)

A wind, bringing willow-cotton, sweetens
the shop

And a girl from Wu, pouring wine, urges
me to share it

With my comrades of the city who are here
to see me off;

And as each of them drains his cup, I say to
him in parting,

O, go and ask this river running to the east
If it can travel faster than a friend's love!

Shéhérazade

Three Poems by Tristan Klingsor

Asie - Asia

Asia,

Ancient, marvelous country of fairy tales,

Where fantasy sleeps like an empress
In her forest filled with mystery.

Asia,

I would I could go with the ship
Which is rocking this evening in the port,
Mysterious and lonely,

And which spreads at last its violet sails
Like an immense bird of night in the golden
sky.

I would I could go towards the islands of
flowers.

While listening to the song of the wayward
sea

With its old bewitching rhythm.

I would I could see Damascus and the
Persian cities.

With minarets rising airily into the sky.
I would I could see beautiful silk turbans
About black faces with shining teeth; I would
like to see eyes dark with love
And pupils shining with joy
In faces with skins yellow as an orange;
I would like to see velvet garments
And robes with long fringes.
I would like to see calumets held between
lips

Fringed with white beards;
I would I could see grasping merchants with
their shifty eyes,
And cadis, and viziers,
Who with a single movement of their
bending finger,
Decree life or death just as they wish.
I would I could see Persia and India, and
then China

The portly mandarins beneath their
sunshades,
And the princesses with their delicate
hands,

And their scholars who dispute
About poetry and beauty;
I would I could linger at the enchanted
palace

And like a foreign traveller,
Gaze lingeringly at countrysides painted
On materials in pinewood frames
with a figure in the midst of an orchard;
I would like to see assassins smiling,
The executioner who cuts off an innocent
head

With this great curved oriental sabre.
I would like to see beggars and queens;
I would like to see roses and blood;
I would like to see those who die for love or
else for hate.

And then later I would return
And relate my adventure to whose
interested in dreams,
While raising like Sinbad my old Arabian cup

Now and then to my lips
To interrupt the tale with artistry...

Texts and Translations (continued)

La Flûte enchantée

The shade is soft and my master sleeps
With a funny silken bonnet on his head
And his long yellow nose in his white beard
But I, I am still awake,
And I can hear outside
The melody of a flute eloquent
Of sadness or joy in turn.
An air, now languorous, now gay,
Played by my dear lover.
And, when I draw near the casement,
I feel that each note flies
From the flute towards my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

L'Indifférent

Your eyes are gentle, like those of girl,
Young stranger, and the delicate curve
Of your handsome face, shadowed with
down,
Is still more alluring in its contour.
Your lips chant on my threshold
An unknown, charming tone,
Like inharmonious music.
Enter! And that my wine may refresh
you...
But no, you pass,
And I see you leaving my door,
Making a last graceful gesture
Your hips gently swaying,
With your languid, feminine walk...

Rodrigo

Con qué la lavare?

With what then may I bathe the bloom upon
my beauty?
With what then may I bathe? Who life has
made so twisted?
The wives and mothers wash them with
water fresh from lemons.
I'll wash my marks of anguish with tears
wrung from my sorrow.

Vos me mastasteis

You have destroyed me, child of the long
tresses,
With love have killed me.
By the banks of a river I saw a virgin.

De d'onde venis, amore?

From where have you come, my lover?
I have been a witness!
I know where you've come from,
I know where you've been to, just where
you've been.

De los álamos vengo, madre

I have been by the poplars, mother
I've seen how their branches swayed in the
breezes.
By the poplar trees of Sevilla, seen my
beautiful love.

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